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ISSUED
EVERY
THURSDAY
Ten Cents
Copy.



"THERE AIN'T GOING TO BE NO CORE."



PERFORMANCE has proved that United States Tires are the best tires made possible by the present art of tire manufacture. This is why we say—

**United States Tires
are Good Tires**

Boston Garter

What Grip

The comfort and long service you enjoy in wearing the Boston Garter are the result of our fixed policy—

Quality First!

GEORGE FROST CO.
MAKERS BOSTON



WASHRITE GLOVE SOAP



SOAP

PURE SOAP FORMULATED ESPECIALLY FOR WASHING WASHABLE GLOVES. WHETHER MADE OF LEATHER, SILK OR COTTON. WILL NOT DAMAGE ANY WASHABLE GLOVE. WASHES AWAY SILKS AND LACES BEAUTIFULLY.

YOUR DEALER CANNOT SUPPLY YOU WITH WASHRITE. SEND US 50 CENTS IN STAMPS OR MONEY FOR A LARGE CAKE—ENOUGH TO WASH 20 PAIRS OF GLOVES—POSTAGE PREPAID.

LEVERING & LEVERING
BALTIMORE, MD.

For Holiday Cheer

and mild weather comfort and enjoyment, order a case of

Checonna

Evans' Ale
NON-INTOXICATING

Sometimes called "Evans' Beverage"

Your dealer will supply it, or write to

EVANS & SONS Estab. 786 HUDSON, N. Y.



250,000 cars have faulty brakes

THERE are 250,000 automobiles in use in public streets and roads whose brakes are in a dangerous condition—a quarter of a million cars which are a positive menace to every motorist and pedestrian. A searching study of the causes of automobile accidents by the state traffic authorities of New Jersey has resulted in establishing this conclusion.

Make sure of your car by timely inspection

Don't wait for an emergency. It is your duty to know positively, before you take your car out of the garage, that your brakes will stop your car instantly.

Perhaps all that is required is a simple tightening of the brake rods, or an adjustment of the equalizer.

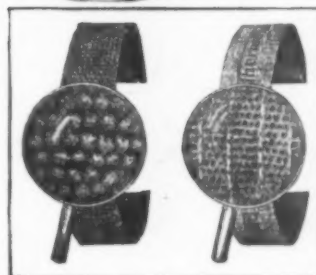
If your brakes need relining, your garage man will tell you so. Have him inspect them without delay.

Why Thermoid Brake Lining is safest and wears longest

In each square inch of Thermoid brake lining there is 40% more material than in ordinary brake lining. This additional body is made tight and compact by hydraulic compression under 2000 lbs. pressure. In addition to this, Thermoid is *Grapnelized*, an exclusive process, which

enables it to resist moisture, oil and gasoline.

The tight, compact texture of Thermoid causes it to wear down more slowly than ordinary brake lining, and so evenly that it maintains its gripping power even when worn to wafer thinness.

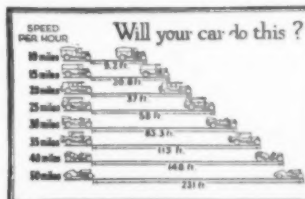


Ordinary woven lining

Thermoid Hydraulic Compressed Brake Lining

The engineers and manufacturers of 50 of the leading passenger cars and trucks have standardized on Thermoid Hydraulic Compressed Brake Lining.

Have your brakes inspected today. Remember that every foot of Thermoid is backed by **Our Guarantee: Thermoid will make good—or WE WILL.**



This chart shows the distances in which a car should stop, at any given speed, if the brakes are efficient.

Thermoid Rubber Company

Factory and Main Offices:
Trenton, New Jersey

New York Chicago San Francisco
Detroit Los Angeles
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The Canadian Fairbanks-Morse
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Thermoid Brake Lining

Hydraulic Compressed

Makers of "Thermoid-Hardy Universal Joints" and "Thermoid Crolide Compound Tires"

THE JESTER

MYTHS from earth's childhood tell
Of Godhood visible—
Indra, the azure-skied,
Four-handed, thousand-eyed;
Far-wandering Isis chief
Lady of Love and Grief;
Zeus, on each rash revolt
Hurling the thunderbolt;
Wodan of warrior form
Gray-mantled with the storm;
Lir of the foam-white hair,
Mad with the sea's despair.

But of those splendors who
Conceived the kangaroo,
With gesture humorous
Shaped hippopotamus,
Intoned the donkey's bray
And, in an hour of play,
Taught peacocks how to strut?
Holy is Allah, but
Is holiness expressed
In hedgehogs? Whence the jest?
Even in creation's dawn
Was Puck with Oberon?

Katharine Lee Bates

The Christmas Number of *Life*

is coming. It will be in fact our next issue. It is a large double number and it is the only number of the year the price of which is 25 cents.

If you are wondering what to give your friends for Christmas why not send them a subscription to *LIFE*, commencing December first, to include the Christmas Number, all for \$5.00 a year in the United States? Obey that impulse.

And now is the time to renew your own subscription, if you have not done so already.

Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar
(Canadian \$1.13,
Foreign \$1.26).
Send *LIFE* for three months to

If requested in order, an attractive Christmas Card announcing the gift will be sent on each subscription to arrive by Christmas Day.

Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York 114

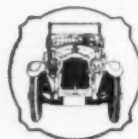
One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04.)



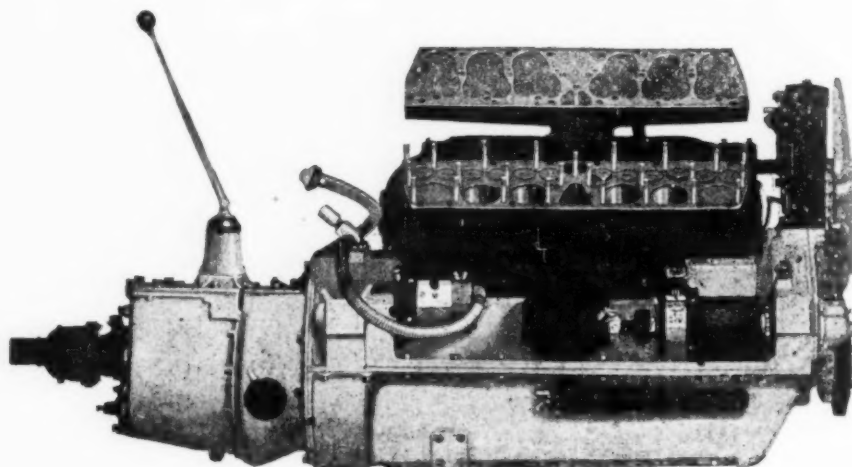
just brush and blade—

- your favorite razor and a Warner self-lathering shaving brush make the outfit complete.
- cut the kit—and reduce the time and inconvenience of shaving.
- perhaps it ought to be called the Warner *saving* brush.
- the soap you like best is automatically fed from the handle into the fine *Rubberset* brush—recharges cost little.
- and you'll find it the most *sanitary* of brushes.
- a man's snappy Christmas gift—sent on receipt of price—five dollars—little more than the cost of a good old-style brush—from your dealer's or Warner-Patterson-Perry Company, 1024 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

WARNER
SHAVING BRUSH



*Simplicity and
Accessibility, at-
tributes of Twin-
Six Engineering.*



MOTOR CAR SAFETY *depends* *on* RIGHT ENGINEERING

A STUDY of the causes of motor car mishaps will show that in nine cases out of ten they are as much the fault of the car as of the driver.

In planning for the safety of a man and his family, Packard Engineering never compromises with chance. Even if every one of the 6,000,000 motor car drivers in this country were always careful and thoughtful—there would still be accidents.

The greatest possible care will not help a man if his car fails.

Safety is the first and foremost consideration in Packard engineering. There is a sound, practical engineering reason for every

factor of safety in the Packard car.

Consider the security afforded by the high reserve power of the Packard Twin-Six—the stored-up energy which responds instantly in an emergency, but costs nothing when it is not in use.

The Packard is the safest car in the world to handle in traffic. From less than two miles an hour on high, it will pick up in a few blocks to more than a mile a minute. Its perfect balance—its ease of control—makes it start or stop without effort.

The Packard car is built to withstand extraordinary strain. The Packard engine is built to deliver extraor-

dinary power. Yet a Packard habitually runs on less power and in no way sacrifices strength to secure lightness.

Its weight is scientifically adjusted to its power. It stays on the road when lighter cars show a tendency to leave it.

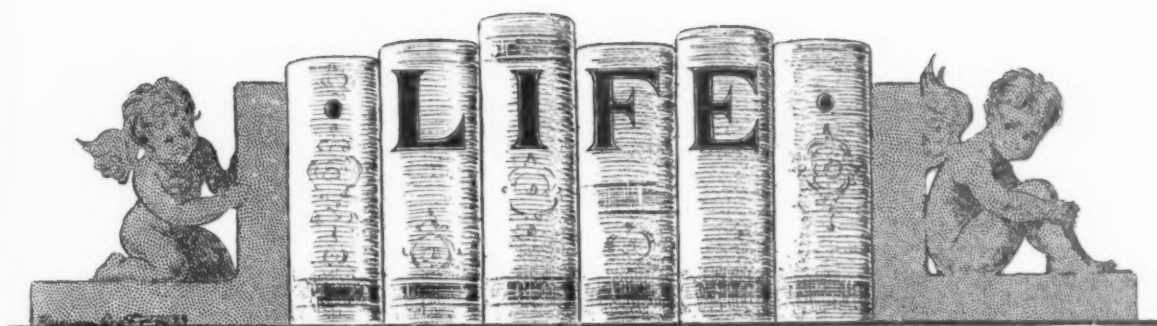
To the man who has any regard at all for himself or his family, Packard safety is priceless.

The Packard people are transportation experts; they have more to tell you on this subject than any other organization in the world.

You can ask them to discuss your car problem without obligation. It is to your interest and profit to do so.

"Ask the Man Who Owns One"

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY . . . Detroit



Consolation

WEARIED of history contemporaneous

Riots and strikes of which daily one reads—

Seeking distraction in something extraneous,

I began poking through olden-time screeds,

Plodding through books of a sage antiquarian,

Viewing dead centuries out of the past,

Thinking, "I'll dodge all these rows proletarian,

Here in these tomes I'll forget them at last!"

Thus I had planned out a quiet scenario

Made up of annals of monarchs now dust,

So I commenced on a little-known Pharaoh,

Only to find I was suddenly thrust

Into the tale of a strike on a pyramid,

Like, in detail, to the ones we have now

With the king's councilors trying to steer amid

Labor and Capital, calming the row.

Angered, I turned to rich Nineveh, Babylon,

Sardis, Jerusalem, Athens and Tyre,

Finding red Bolsheviks urging the rabble on,

Fighting about who should hire them, or fire;

Learned translations of marks hieroglyphical,

Tablets of stone or papyri of Greek,

Hebrew or Latin, or ancient pontifical,

Told me of labor wars far from unique.

Sick and disgusted, I turned from each chronicle,

Sighing, "Oh, what is the use, anyway?"

Then, all at once, through my musings ironical,

There came a thought that was joyous and gay.

Loudly I laughed, "Why should folk be so serious,
Dreading calamities Fate holds in store,

When the world's known all these troubles that weary us,
On some ten thousand occasions before?"

Berton Braley.



Lady in Background: WELL, JOHN, WE WERE JUST AS FOOLISH THIRTY YEARS AGO, THANK GOODNESS!

Good-bye, Suffragists!

THE Woman Suffrage Association expects to go out of business as soon as the suffrage amendment has been ratified by thirty-six States. So Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt says, and she expects the organization to dissolve at its last convention next February in Chicago.

Perhaps it will provide for itself a sort of reincarnation by merging into the National League of Women Voters, but it is not disorderly to hope it will not, but that its members will go into the existing political organizations of men and punch them up to do better.

If the Suffrage Association quits, the Anti association will doubtless quit also, leaving the world to fall back into its great primary division of people into males and females. That will be nice and will remind us all pleasantly of old times, except that both kinds of people will vote.

When Mrs. Catt, reviewing the exploits of the great suffrage leaders, spoke of Susan Anthony as "that indomitable soul who has long been laid to rest," she spoke inaccurately. It is only the body of Susan Anthony that is laid at rest. All advices, especially the most recent favor belief that her soul is working overtime, probably on jobs of organization. Souls like hers are not at all likely to quit work.

On the Future Bread Line

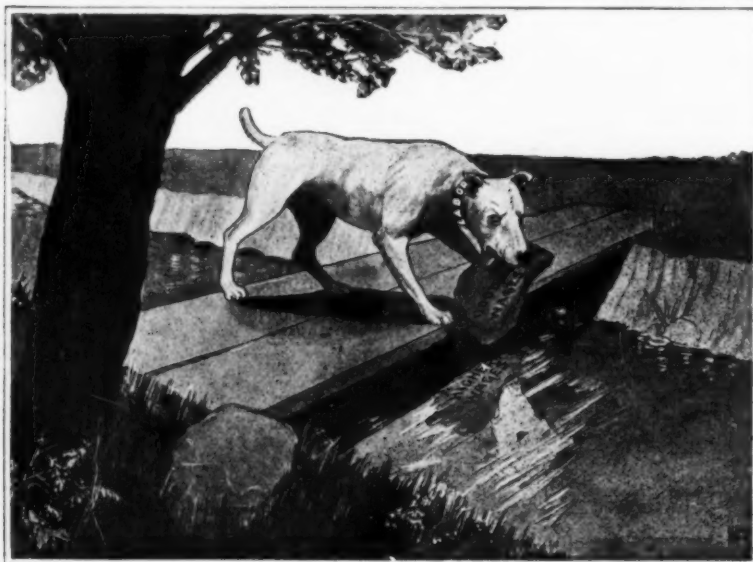
CLERK: What are your credentials?

APPLICANT: I was once the head of a large mercantile business.

CLERK (coldly); Well, we are feeding no one today but the former presidents of trusts.



Father: NOW, MY SON, I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU SOME GOOD ADVICE. SOME DAY YOU'LL WISH YOU HAD TAKEN IT. IT'S THE SAME ADVICE I WISH I HAD TAKEN WHEN MY DAD GAVE IT TO ME.

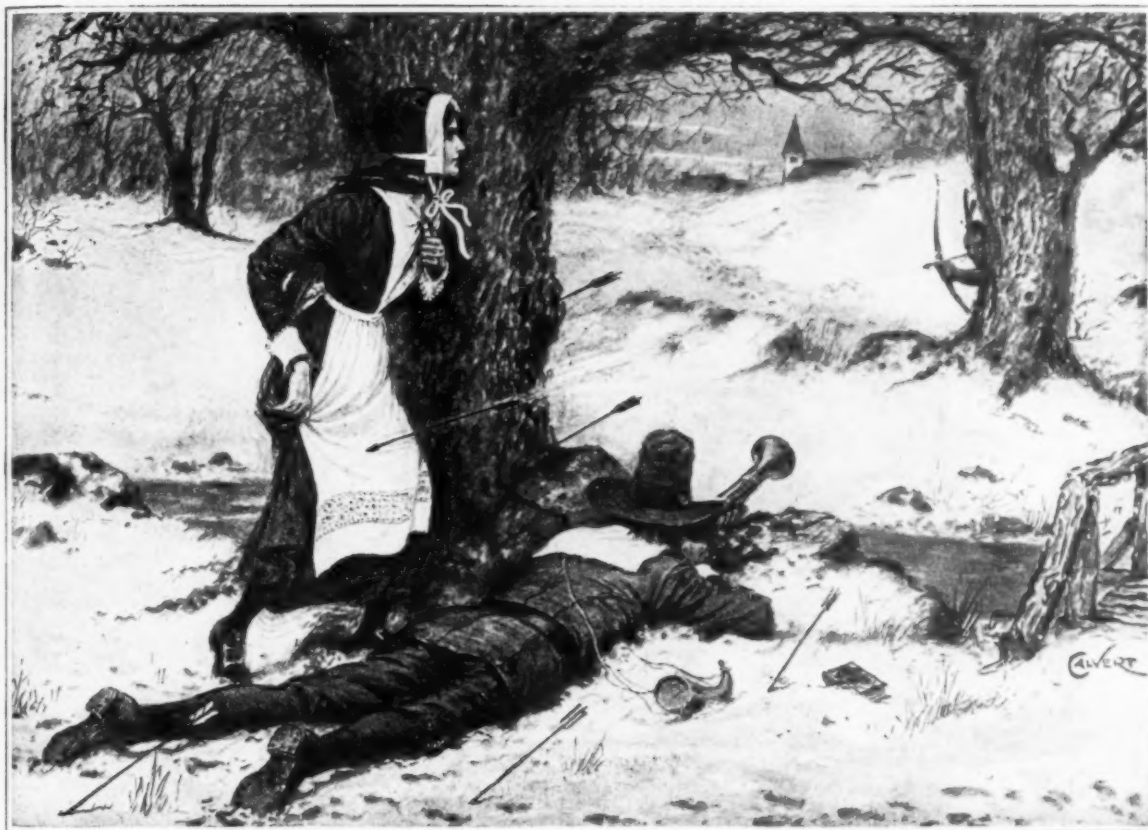


THE DOG AND THE SHADOW

Even Keeley's May Come Back

HEARING that, in consequence of prohibition, the famous Keeley Cure at White Plains (N. Y.) has collapsed and that its home is to be sold at auction, the *Evening Post* remarks that "many men will feel that with the falling of the hammer which marks its passing, the last frail link with a departed era has been irrevocably snapped."

But if worse comes to worst, and Keeley cures are gone for good, there will still remain money, the love of which is even more dangerous than love of rum, and that disposition of people to bestow themselves on persons of the opposite sex which we call love. Money and love will continue to get people into so many scrapes that rum will hardly be missed as a factor of mischief.



"TAKE STEADY AIM THIS TIME, WILLIAM, OR WE'LL BE LATE TO CHURCH!"



WITH DOLLARS YOU ARE NEVER TOO { OLD
FAT
THIN
UGLY } TO MARRY



SUPPLY AND DEMAND



HER FATHER'S CAR

A Gamble

THE Rockefeller Institute has recently been the recipient of ten millions of dollars from its patron saint, Mr. Rockefeller. This money, it is said, will be used for the purpose of prolonging human life.

What is the necessity? Do people want to prolong their lives? There is no evidence at present to support this theory. People still continue to submit themselves to accidents in an increasing variety of forms. Wars are still going on. The doctors are still doing business. Joy has been reduced to a minimum by the reformers, and taxes are on the increase. That anyone should still care to prolong his life is doubtful, to say the least.

"ARE you going to attend this Industrial Conference?"
"Sure. It's about the only form of entertainment left open to the tired business man."

A Petition

DEAR Lady in The Seat Behind,
Who reads my morning paper,
Assuredly I do not mind
This thrifty little caper.
Although the feather on your hat
Oft tickles my poor neck,
Not for a trifling thing like that
Would I your pleasure wreck.

Dear Lady in The Seat Behind,
I've learned to know your taste;
Your favorite page I quickly find
Lest moments rare I waste.
The sporting news you find a bore,
And stocks and bonds quite stupid,
But you could read forevermore
"The Love Advice of Cupid."

Dear Lady in The Seat Behind,
My morning paper reading,
I hope you're graciously inclined
To hear my simple pleading.
This favor slight on me bestow,
And pacify my rage—
When you're through reading, let me
know,

So I may turn the page!

M. L. F.

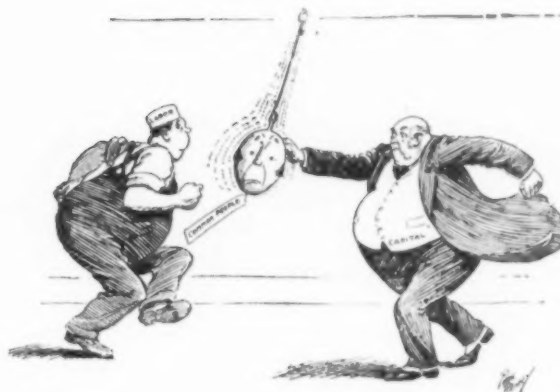
Gentle Rules for Family Practice

DON'T start anything before breakfast.

To fathers: Remember that your boy will be disappointed if you don't tell him at least once in his life that he had better go and live somewhere else and see how he likes it.

Every mother is entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of lost articles.

Don't ask father for money just because he happens to be in good humor. If you do, he will begin to throttle down his face, even when he wants to laugh.



PUNCHING THE BAG



"MUMMY, IS THAT A BLACK HORSE WITH WHITE STRIPES
OR A WHITE HORSE WITH BLACK STRIPES?"

Curious!

THAT raids can blackjack heads but not ideas.
That amendments can prohibit but not stop thirst.
That injunctions can enjoin men from getting what they
want, but have no power over the wants.
That there are gags for the mouth, but none for the brain.
That when the world had been made "safe for democracy"
everything became unsafe.

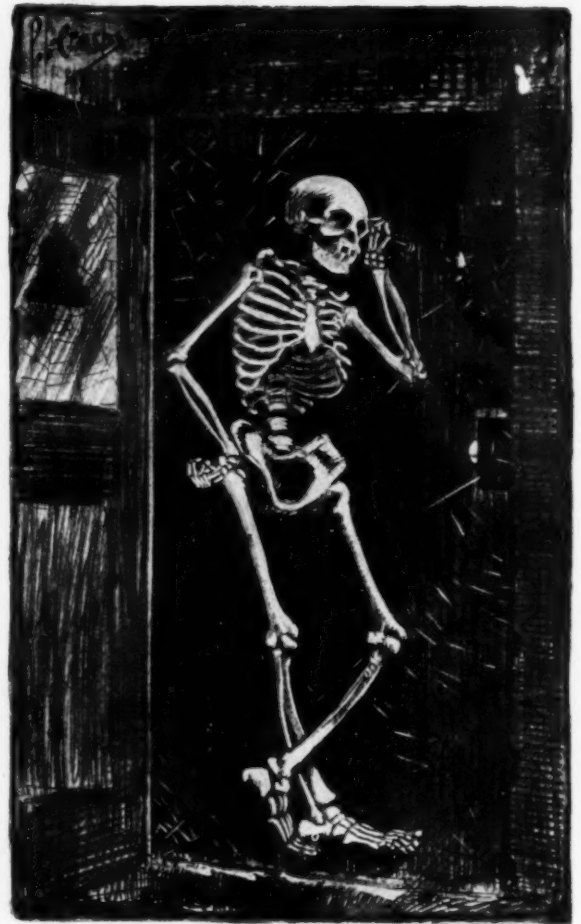
SHE (to man on Elevated): Don't you ever get up to give
your seat to a lady?
THE MAN: Lady?

Put Our House in Order!

*Over the sea where the dead men sleep
The crosses stand in the sun;
Over the sea where women weep
Toils on the silent Hun.
Over the sea where the shadows creep
His work is never done.*

THERE are politicians braying to the sky;
There are solemn-faced committees brooding deep;
There are profiteers unheeding all the clamor and the
pleading;
There are somolent church wardens fast asleep.
There are statesmen knowing not which road to take
While our anarchists, red-handed, flare the way.
There are horny-handed slackers led by parasitic clackers—
Let us put our house in order (So we say!)

There are smug reformers feathering their nests;
There is revelry of wastrels day and night;
There are talkers, there are fighters (but they're not among
the blighters);
There are wounded, but they're hidden from the sight.



THE MAN WHO WAITED TO GET HIS NUMBER

There are senators who bicker at their posts;
There are hypocrites who snicker as they pray;
And the ladies, war tasks dropping, they are buying, they
are shopping:
Let us put our house in order (So we say!)

There are wives and mothers steeled in sacred grief;
There are heroes, but they've gone where heroes go;
There's a mob of Wall Street brokers scraping profits up
like stokers;
There are little children shivering in the snow;
There are secret sins that never come to light;
There are open sins we lightly gloss away;
And the wheel of Fate turns slowly for the grafter and the
lowly—
We must put our house in order (So we say!)

*Over the sea where the dead men sleep
The crosses stand in the sun;
Over the sea where the women weep
Toils on the silent Hun.
Over the sea where the shadows creep
His work is never done.*

T. L. M.



IF THOSE WHO GIVE WEDDING PRESENTS WOULD USE A LITTLE MORE SENSE

Professional Flattery

A Complete Line Which Causes the Average Individual to Expand with Secret Satisfaction

DOCTOR: You are of an extremely high-strung temperament and too valuable to the community to take any chances with your health.

Lawyer: Your time is worth too much to spend it upon trifling details.

Dentist: You have the most sensitive teeth I have ever come across.

Banker: You are a most conservative man—conservative and of good judgment.

Clothier: Your figure has individuality. No use showing you these inferior garments.

Hatter: A man of your class demands a distinctive hat.

Shoeman: Your feet are extremely hard to fit. You should have your shoes made to order.

Grocer: Only the best will suit you—I can tell by your looks.

Politician: Old man, your vote's worth a dozen that come from that bunch yonder.

Landlord: You're the best tenant I've got, so I've left you till the very last to raise your rent.



THE COURTING OF SAMMY

To Legionites

THE American Legion has established chapters all over the country, and at these chapters young men are meeting constantly and discussing the questions of the day. Most of them are inexperienced in public speaking.

Inexperienced speakers are usually afraid to tell what they really think. They are so nervous about what they are going to say, they try to make sure that they will say something first that will please everybody. After they have become accustomed to public speaking, this habit becomes settled.

To denounce the evils of the present day is fairly safe, provided it is done in the right way. Billy Sunday is the only man in the country who has succeeded in making Hell attractive, by what he has said against it. He pictures it as an extremely undesirable place to live in, but he does this in such a way as to convey the idea that each man he talks to will escape. That is the way to denounce the evils of the day. Slam them as much as you like, but intimate that those you are talking to are apart from them. They will not wholly believe you, but they will be flattered by the discrimination.



"DISGUSTING! PACKED LIKE SARDINES!"

"ONLY THAT SARDINES HAVE SENSE ENOUGH TO KEEP STILL. THEY DON'T WOBBLE ABOUT AND STEP ON ONE ANOTHER'S FEET."



Aeroplane Salesman (demonstrating machine): SEE HOW NICELY SHE LOOPS THE LOOP



"SAY, THIS STORE OUGHTA FURNISH SOFAS FOR FOLKS THAT HAVE TO WAIT FOR CHANGE."

"SOFA? YESSIR. THIRD FLOOR, REAR."



"BESSIE, WHY DON'T YOU TRY TO BE A GOOD LITTLE GIRL?"

"I DO TRY AWFULLY HARD."

"BUT YOU DON'T SUCCEED VERY WELL."

"WHY, MOTHER, JUST THINK HOW BAD I'D BE IF I DIDN'T TRY AT ALL."



NOVEMBER 27
1919

"While there is Life there's Hope"

VOL. 74
No. 1935

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

ANDREW MILLER, *President and Treasurer*

JAMES S. METCALFE, *Secretary*

17 West Thirty-first Street, New York

English Offices, Kolls House, Brems Bldgs., London, E. C.



"WHAT has become of the virtue of blaaaa! Common Sense?" enquires the *New Republic* (November 26th) in its opening line.

If Common Sense has disappeared and there is a suspicion of foul play, one of the first places to be dug up by the police will be the cellar of the *New Republic*. There is something there that smells bad.

But perhaps Common Sense has not really disappeared, but is only hiding for a minute while things are so squally, and will presently disclose its whereabouts. There are some hopeful signs; yes, a good many. The great field for the exercise of Common Sense is in connection with the Peace Treaty. The rejection of it by the Senate gives very imperfect satisfaction even to the Senate. About fifteen Senators are glad to have it killed. The other eighty are more or less disturbed and anxious about the outcome. That is hopeful. Hopeful also is the reception given to Senator Lodge's suggestion to carry the Treaty over into the next Presidential campaign and make it the issue. To that, Common Sense says No! At least that is what its response comes to. Its actual language on the subject is hardly suitable to print. The idea of holding up the Treaty and keeping up for a full year more the din about it that has already prevailed since last spring is quite too much for Common Sense. It throws up its hands and remarks upon it in a fashion that helps, possibly, to

account for its temporary disappearance. If it had to go somewhere and cool off before discussing such a serious matter as the rejection of the Treaty by the United States, anyone can understand that.



FOR Common Sense knows what the rejection of the Treaty would mean, and is flabbergasted at the prospect. It knows the situation of the world, and what it would cost to have the United States stand off from a combination of the nations to handle that situation. It understands the dismay of Sir George Paish, British financier, at the break in exchanges that followed the failure of the votes for the Treaty in the Senate before its adjournment, and why Sir George is of opinion that all governments must get together to avert a shocking financial crash. It even knows something about the basis of Sir George's estimate that at least a hundred million people are in danger of starving in the next few months, and that the League of Nations has become "an absolute world necessity."

Common Sense understands what the Swiss papers mean when they say that Lodge and his treaty-busters are playing Ludendorf's game, and strengthening the hopes of all Pan-Germanists. It felt the jolt when American prestige dropped in Paris when the Senate adjourned with its great task undone. It understands French dismay at the prospect of

losing American support, and forsees as inevitable the prompt contrivance of a new set of old-style alliances for mutual protection in Europe immediately the threat of the Senate to keep our country out of the Peace becomes a fact.

Common Sense is not for having our fiddlers fiddle on for a year more while the world burns. If Mr. Lodge has a consuming desire to play the part of Nero it prefers to let him do so on some smaller stage.



AND so does our neighbor, the *Tribune*, and that is a good sign. The *Tribune* is trying and has been for several years, to be a better Republican paper than the *Sun*, and it is having increasing success, mainly because it shows better intelligence than the *Sun* in discerning where to get off. When Mr. Lodge proposed another year of discussion of the Treaty the *Sun* was enthusiastic, but the *Tribune* objected. It wants the Treaty settled now, and Common Sense is with it. It wants it ratified, and when it says that the necessary reservations would do it any harm, Common Sense looks favorably on that suggestion too.

No doubt the reservations that would be required to get the votes of the fifteen treaty-busters would go very far to nullify the Treaty, but if the other Senators can be detached from partisanship and induced to vote for what as individuals they really want, the Treaty can be ratified in such form as to do the job that the world needs. Everybody knows that what has held it back and threatens to beat it is not the reservations. It was remarked in company the other day: "What ails the world just now is H. C. L., and you may call it just as you please, High Cost of Living or Henry Cabot Lodge." To which there came response from a former Republican office holder who had had no job since 1911: "Yes, but don't you think part of the ailment is I, W. W.?"

That is the question of the moment about the Treaty. How much of the peril in which it poises is due to the infuriated partisanship of Mr. Lodge and his malignants, and how much



"I'M BUYING UP HORSES IN THIS SECTION. GOT ANYTHING GOOD YOU WANT TO SELL?"

"WAAL, THAT DEPENDS. AIR THESE HOSSES TO BE DRUV OR ET?"

to the inability of Mr. Wilson to see his duty in the matter of concessions? If Mr. Wilson after his splendid services in introducing a great hope into the faulty text of the Treaty, is suffering now from such a paralysis of the concessionary faculties as to imperil all the world has gained by his extraordinary exertions, he ought to be helped in every way possible both by people who care for him and by people who care merely for the welfare of the world. His state of health makes the whole situation critical, and ought to take it out of politics forthwith. His mind is evidently active and able. The papers he puts out are as well done as ever. But he is very inaccessible to counsellors or pleaders. A little handful of people guard him, and must guard him, and admit to him whom they will and no others. That must be,

but it makes more for anxiety than any other factor in the situation. The Senators, it would seem, are bound to put the Treaty through in such form that the President can sign it, but whether, or rather when, he *will* sign it, no one can tell.

Such a situation as that, due to no fault in anyone, least of all to any fault in Mr. Wilson, makes the responsibility of the Senators all the heavier. They will not be judged by what he does or declines to do, but by what they do. It is up to them to forget partisanship and hate and remember duty and the distress of the world, and try to meet to the best of their abilities, their sacred obligation to mankind.

The *Sun* may say they have no obligation to mankind, but only to their constituents and the American people. If they take that view, so

much the worse, but it need not affect their votes, for their constituents and the American people and mankind are now so much in the same boat that who does his duty by part of them incidentally does his duty by the rest. It is all one duty now, and that is what Massachusetts will tell Mr. Lodge when she finds her voice and gets his ear again.



IF we accept the angry estimate of Mr. Wilson, how astonishing his career appears! If he is mean, narrow, selfish; unfaithful in all relations; a self-seeker, a treacherous radical, a man eaten up with self-importance, how altogether amazing his record of achievement becomes.

He has done extremely notable things and a lot of them, and a large proportion of them have been of great value. His detractors will be apt to admit that his performance has often been praise-worthy, but perhaps will insist that his motives have always been bad, or that his delivery is not graceful though he does control the ball, or that he reads the Bible when he ought to be reading the Constitution of the United States.

It makes one laugh. Perhaps it makes the President laugh as he lies abed in the White House, or sits in wheel chair to take the air. In Europe they think he is quite a person. Over here about four-fifths of the high-brow element in the Republican party wipe their feet on him in conversation and would rather beat him than raise the tariff. Of course it is too bad that he should have got so large a group of respectable people crazy mad at him, and doubtless it is a fault in him to have done it, and not a virtue. All the same, it is funny. He preaches the most pious politics the country ever sat under and excites the most malignant personal opposition the land has known since the Federalists hated Jefferson and Andrew Jackson.

What is the matter with those Republicans? Is it that they don't want to be good, or merely that they don't like the taste of their medicine? And can it really be that the medicine is so extraordinarily unpalatable?

LIF



THANKS!



THANKS!



Getting a Little Stronger, Thank You



LORD CHESTERFIELD tells of a man who purposely offended folks because he was so graceful in apology that by that gift he made friends of those who might not otherwise have been attracted by him. The recent deficiencies of this department of *LIFE* have not been voluntary by any means, and no amount of apology, graceful or other, can repair them. Besides, repeated apologies are tiresome to everyone concerned. *LIFE*'s readers are persons of sufficient discernment to know that this journal has been doing the best it could in extremely adverse circumstances and doubtless they also appreciate that the dramatic department, dealing with very contemporary and evanescent material, has been and is at a peculiar disadvantage in trying to make itself anywhere near timely. At present writing matters are on the mend and very shortly, with the misguided printers back on their jobs, everything will be lovely again.



IF Mr. David Belasco should present "Mary Had a Little Lamb," or "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star" on his stage, there would be interest in what he did. It would not be intrinsic as to the material, but a curiosity as to how he could make Mary picturesque or as to how small a star he could make twinkle.

In the case of "The Son-Daughter," the material turns out to be quite as important as the twinkling of Lenore Ulric as the star. Mr. Belasco has turned his methods loose on the depiction of Chinese life as it may, or perhaps may not, be lived in New York. The white folks who know it best, officially and otherwise, are not able to penetrate very far beneath its surface, so it is not possible to question the verisimilitude of what is shown to us by Mr. Belasco and his co-author, Mr. Scarborough. It certainly provides a colorful background and an unusual atmosphere for what without those accessories would be a rather commonplace and lurid melodrama.

While most of us are trying to get some grasp on the politics of China, it is obliging of the authors to show us the workings right here in our own Chinatown and make New York the scene of episodes that involve the fates of the Imperial Dynasty and the republican rev-

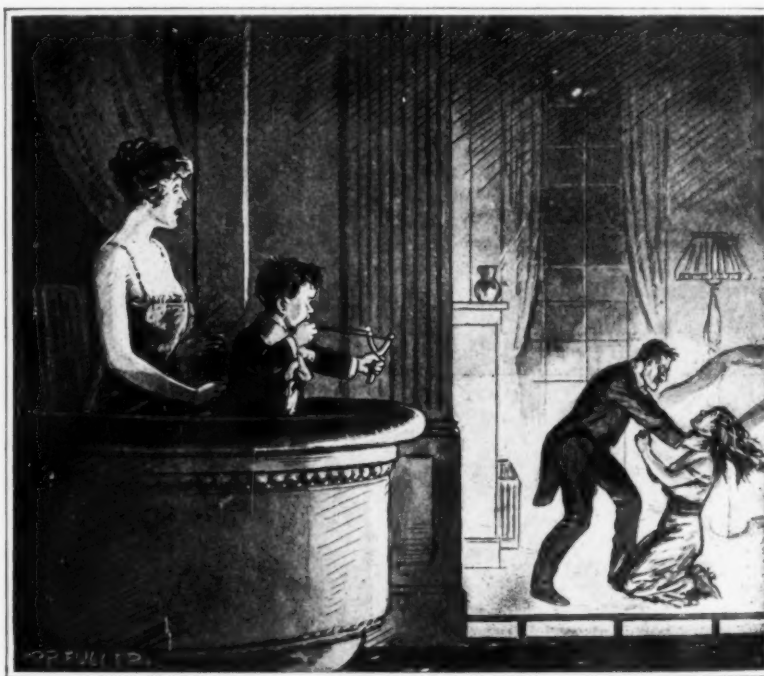
olution. The play's end leaves these important history-makers very much up in the air, but no more so than the futures of the young prince hero of the play and its Chinatown heroine. But all this serves its main purpose, which is to enable Mr. Belasco to intrigue the public with his great ability to make perfection of stage handling cover a play's shortcomings. It is not until toward the very end of the play that the interest begins to escape from Mr. Belasco's method of holding it.

The performance is another example of the manager's skill in casting and training. He has schooled an American company in unusual methods to a pretty high degree of facility in providing unusual charm. Lenore Ulric is at her best in her youthful and coquettish moments, which at times bring back the famous "it is better to lie a little than to suffer much" of one of Mr. Belasco's earlier triumphs in Orientalism. In those scenes she was alluring and convincing, but, bereft of make-up and essaying tragic emotions, she failed to stir her auditors and spectators deeply. Among the many other members of the large cast, Mr. Harry Mestayer stood out as *Fen-Sha*, the rich gambler and all-around bad man.

"The Son-Daughter" does not rank among Mr. Belasco's great achievements, but it has enough interest and picturesqueness to make it quite worth seeing.



THERE are not enough fingers on both hands to count the theaters where one may see young women kicking their feet above their heads. Just why high-kicking should be considered valuable is something of a mystery. It is not at all graceful. Almost any girl who wants to give the time and effort to practice can learn to do it. And yet almost every girl-and-music audience is enthralled by this elementary exhibition of suppleness.



Bobby: GOOD HEAVENS, MA, I CAN'T STAND FER THAT ANY LONGER!



PROFESSIONAL COURTESY

With Charlotte Greenwood it is different. Like most successful high-kickers, she is loose-jointed. She is more than that; she is universal-jointed. With no apparent effort, her feet arise above her head at any angle and in any direction.

But alas! with all of Charlotte Greenwood's kicking and other ability, she is not able to make of "Linger Longer Letty" anything but an ordinary girl-and-music show.



"IRENE" is also girl-and-music, but it is considerably more than ordinary, largely on account of the personal charm

and distributed abilities of Edith Day. She can sing, not with a big voice, but prettily; she can dance; she is quite a comedienne, and she can be looked at for a good deal of time without tiring the looker. Mr. James Montgomery has supplied to "Irene" a book with a plot and considerable fun, and Mr. Tierney has written tuneful music, which is not a slavish imitation of its predecessors in the same line.

The ordinary brainless girl-and-music show is the pest of the theatre, but occasionally there comes along one like "Irene," to explain what perhaps the others are trying to be.

Metcalfe.

CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

Until LIFE gets back to its regular schedule, readers are cautioned to verify from the daily newspapers the location and continuance of attractions mentioned.

Astor.—"East is West," by Messrs. Shipman and Hymer, with Fay Bainter as the star. Interesting and well-acted depiction of phases of Chinese-American life.

Belasco.—"The Son-Daughter," by Messrs. Scarborough and Belasco. See above.

Bijou.—"His Honor Abe Potash," by Messrs. Montague Glass and J. E. Goodman, with Mr. Barney Bernard in the title role. Another epoch in the life of the senior member of the celebrated firm of Potash and Perlmutter. Not so laughable as the others.

Booth.—"Too Many Husbands," by Mr. W. Somerset Maugham. Trivial, but well played very light English comedy.

Broadhurst.—"The Crimson Alibi," by Messrs. Cohen and Broadhurst. Crime melodrama, with a continuous, absorbing mystery.

Casino.—"The Little Whopper," by Messrs.

Harbach and Friml. Tuneful and diverting girl-and-music show.

Century.—"Aphrodite." Notice later.

Central.—"The Little Blue Devil." Very ordinary girl-and-music show.

Cohan and Harris.—"The Royal Vagabond." Girl-and-music show, with more than the customary allowance of vivacity.

Comedy.—"Fifty-Fifty, Ltd." "All the Comforts of Home," supplying the backbone for a girl-and-music show of the customary calibre.

Cort.—"Just a Minute." Girl-and-music show of the usual kind.

Criterion.—"One Night in Rome," by Mr. Hartley Manners, with Laurette Taylor.

Empire.—"Déclassée," by Zoë Akins, with Ethel Barrymore. Interesting society drama, with well-chosen cast and the star at her best.

Eltinge.—"The Girl in the Limousine," by Messrs. Collison and Hopwood. The bedroom, overworked as a farce motive, again utilized, but with an evident weakening of its laugh-provoking powers.

Forty-eighth Street.—"The Storm," by Mr. Langdon McCormick. Highly elaborated forest-fire scene, made to stimulate interest in a rather commonplace melodrama of the Northwest.

Forty-fourth Street.—"Nothing but Love," by Messrs. Stammers and Orlob. Girl-and-music show, very like its competitors in the same line.

Fullon.—"Linger Longer Letty," with Charlotte Greenwood. See above.

Gaiety.—"Lightnin'," by Messrs. Winchell Smith and Frank Bacon. Comedy of divorce life in Reno, well cast, well played, and laughable.

Garrick.—"The Rise of Silas Lapham," with Mr. James K. Hackett. Notice later.

Globe.—"Apple Blossoms," by Messrs. Kreier, Jacobi, and Le Baron. A girl-and-music show so dainty, really musical and well done that it almost atones for the existence of its many inferior contemporaries.

Greenwich Village.—"The Lost Leader," by Mr. Lennox Robinson. Original and picturesque Irish drama, based on the legend that Charles Stewart Parnell lived long after his reputed death.

Harris.—"Wedding Bells," by Mr. Salisbury Field. Margaret Lawrence and Mr. Wallace Eddinger heading a most clever cast in a delightful American light comedy.

Henry Miller's.—"Moonlight and Honey-suckle," by Mr. George Scarborough, with Ruth Chatterton. Well presented and prettily sentimental comedy of Washington life.

Hippodrome.—"Happy Days." The big show-house's big show of all sorts of things.

Hudson.—"Clarence," by Mr. Booth Tarkington. Not much as a play, but diverting in its depiction of youthful character in Indiana.

Longacre.—"Adam and Eva," by Messrs. Bolton and Middleton. Sketchy comedy showing how to deal with an extravagant family.

Lyceum.—"The Gold Diggers," by Mr. Avery Hopwood, with Ina Claire. Faithful and well-played, but far from elevating comedy depiction of New York chorus girl life.

Lyric.—"The Rose of China," by Messrs. Bolton, Wodehouse and Vescey. Notice later.

Matinees.—"The Dancer," by Mr. Edward Locke. Little play of sentiment dealing with a dancer's heart history. Well done.

Maxine Elliott's.—"The Unknown Woman," by Marjorie Blaine and Mr. Willard Mack, with Marjorie Rambeau. Rather primitive drama, dealing with a sex episode in political life. Moderately interesting.

Morosco.—"Civilian Clothes," by Mr. Thompson Buchanan. Pleasant comedy up-to-date in using the returned soldier for its theme.

Nora Bayes.—"Greenwich Village Follies." New York's freak colony turned into girl-and-music fun.

Playhouse.—"Palmy Days," by Mr. Augustus Thomas with Mr. Wilton Lackaye. Thoroughly American drama of mining days in California and theatrical reminiscence. Well done.

Plymouth.—"The Jest," by Mr. Sem Benelli, with Messrs. John and Lionel Barrymore. Picturesque and powerful play of the period of the Medicis. Admirably staged.

Princess.—"Nightie Night," by Stanley and Matthews. Festive farce with much jollity.

Republic.—"A Voice in the Dark," by Mr. Ralph E. Dyar. Crime and mystery mixed.

Selwyn.—"Buddies," by Messrs. Hobart and Hilliam. Agreeable comedy, with musical numbers and a romance of the A. E. F. in France.

Shubert.—"The Magic Melody," by Messrs. Kummer and Romberg. Curious, but interesting and tuneful musical play running an extended gamut in music and drama.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"Scandal," by Mr. Cosmo Hamilton. Sex comedy, clever and well done.

Vanderbilt.—"Irene," by Messrs. Montgomery and Tierney. See above.

Winter Garden.—"The Passing Show of 1919." The favorite shrine of t. b. m. with its usual gorgeous interest for its devotees and some more than usually faithful burlesquing.



Mistress: YOU DON'T SEEM TO KNOW ABOUT FINGER-BOWLS, NORAH. DIDN'T THEY HAVE THEM AT THE LAST PLACE YOU WORKED?

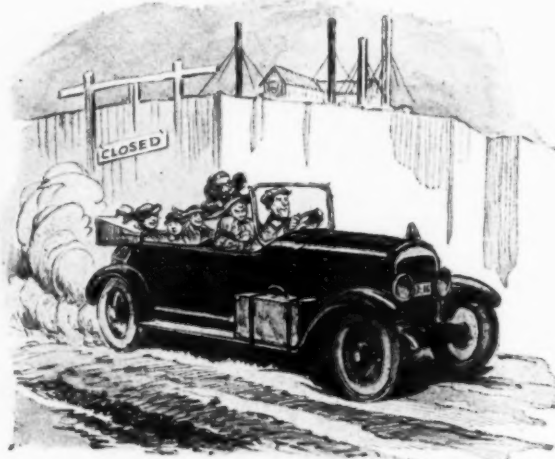
Maid: NO, MA'AM. THEY MOSTLY WASHED THEMSELVES BEFORE THEY CAME TO THE TABLE.

A Doubtful Experiment

IT is announced that Sir Oliver Lodge will visit this country in January, for the purpose of permitting his mundane body to partake of some of our many and varied allurements. Sir Oliver achieved his first distinction in science, his discoveries and pronouncements in this region of alleged thought giving him a first-hand reputation. Having placed science in a comfortable position, where it would receive proper attention from the lowbrows, he interested himself in the other world, and introduced it to many people who had not even heard of it before. He is at present at the head of a trained band of spirits, who smoke spiritual cigars and even wear clothes, which is at least one indication that the cost of living on the other side has not grown too prohibitive.

But why Sir Oliver Lodge should care to visit America, when he can sit quietly at home and receive communications from almost anywhere in space, is a matter for speculation. Travel in these days is so high, not to speak of the physical inconvenience, that the better way is to send one's astral body about. An astral body, with a little practice, can be projected from New York to Calcutta in a fraction of time.

"HOW many nights a week do you want out?"
"How many do you, ma'am?"



ON STRIKE



A STUDY IN HEREDITY

"TELL ME, OLD CHAP; WHO IS THAT 'DAUGHTER OF THE GODS, DIVINELY TALL AND MOST DIVINELY FAIR?'"
"MY DAUGHTER."



THE BRONCHO BUSTER

The Fresh Air Fund

THE following statement shows the operations of the fund for the summer of 1919:

RECEIPTS

Balance forward from 1918	\$1,370.04
To adjust interest on endowments for 1918	23.82
Contributions	13,947.52
Bequest of Mary E. Whitelsey	1,732.52
Marion Story Fund	210.60
Interest	778.29
Bond matured	1,000.00
	\$19,062.79

DISBURSEMENTS

Help	\$2,729.97
Transportation	647.64
Food and Supplies	2,868.29
Repairs	182.77
Miscellaneous Expenses	2,153.65
Reserve Fund	9,957.00
	18,539.32

Balance forward to 1920 \$523.47

Season opened June 27th. Season closed September 5th. Children entertained 1,705. Average cost per child, \$12.17.

The increased cost per child is due to two causes: first, the smaller number of children cared for and second, the higher cost of transportation and the greatly increased cost of supplies of every kind.

The capacity of the farm at Branchville has been decreased by the burning of one of the buildings in which we were accustomed to house a number of the children. Although the Trustees of the Branchville Fresh Air Association collected the insurance they have not replaced the building. In addition to these funds they also hold the accrued income amounting to almost forty thousand dollars, from the Gilbert bequest. In spite of their obligations they have failed to expend these funds for the purpose for which they were bequeathed by Mr. Gilbert. As the title to the farm also rests in these Trustees, LIFE has not considered it safe to expend for improvements and buildings any monies contributed by its readers to benefit the children. Before the beginning of another season we expect to arrange for the accommodation elsewhere of a sufficient number of children to make up for this year's deficiency.

Unanimous

THE COURT: Considering that you are the wife of the prisoner, do you think you are qualified to act as a juror in this case?

THE LADY: Well, your honor, if you will only give me a chance, I think I can convince the eleven other jurors that he's guilty.

THE shackles of slavery are too often wrought of gold and studded with precious stones.



AND HE LEFT HER THREE HOURS AGO TO ASK FATHER



The Executive's Choice

The superintendent is talking to the electrician. And in giving his own experience he is also voicing that of hundreds of other representative concerns that owe no small part of their leadership to efficient operating equipment. He says:

"I was the shop messenger boy when our first Robbins & Myers Motor was installed eighteen years ago. Today it is as good as ever. The first dozen R&M Motors we bought at that time have resulted in the hundreds you see here today."

Wherever the need for dependable motive equipment is imperative, there you will find Robbins & Myers Motors, whether in the small shop or great factory. They keep machines busy; keep workers on "full time"; speed output; minimize operating costs; convert raw material into Accounts Receivable.

You will find R&M Motors also on the better electrically driven labor-saving devices for the factory, office, home and store. Makers of such quality devices see to it that the operating efficiency of their product is in full conformity with their own manufacturing ideals.

For twenty-two years Robbins & Myers have specialized in the making of motors from 1-40 to 50 horsepower, growing from a small shop to a great manufactory with branch offices throughout the world and in every principal American city.

Power users, electrical device manufacturers, and dealers find that Robbins & Myers Motors bring profit and prestige through dependable performance.

The Robbins & Myers Company, Springfield, Ohio

For Twenty-two Years Makers of Quality Fans and Motors

Branches in All Principal Cities

Robbins & Myers Motors





AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

Brought to the Test

"Do you think there's a chance of prohibition's being repealed, after all?"

"I hope not," answered Uncle Bill Bottletop; "anyhow, not soon."

"I thought you didn't quite approve of prohibition."

"I don't, quite. But for years folks have been talking about a lot o' chaps that 'ud be such wonders if they didn't drink, an' I want to see 'em get a little more time to make good."—*Washington Star*.

Got Him Guessing

"I got my troubles," replied the new waiter. "When men have a friendly scrap about paying the check, I can spot the right man to hand it to every time. But with women I make all kinds of fool mistakes."—*Louisville Courier Journal*.



"ARE YOU INTERESTED IN ART?"
"ART WHO?"

Stopped the Press

A visitor to a small country town unwittingly "held up" the local newspaper. Having lost a valuable dog, he rushed to the newspaper office and handed in an advertisement offering five pounds reward for the dog's return.

About half an hour later he thought he would add to his advertisement the words: "No questions asked." So he hurried to the office again. When he arrived, he found the place empty except for a small boy who wore a sulky expression.

"Where's the staff?" asked the stranger, glancing about the deserted room.

"Out looking for your dog!" replied the boy, who was evidently aggrieved at being left behind.—*Windsor Magazine*.

At Almost Any Reception

SHE (to herself): I like him; he's so intellectual.

HE (to himself): I like her; she is a charming little fool.—*Boston Transcript*.

"THE duty of motorists," says the Ilford Coroner, "is to avoid pedestrians." The idea, even if novel, is one that might be given a trial.—*Punch*.

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year; to Canada, 52 cents. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents. Issues prior to 1910 out of print.
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then On with
the Dance-
Sweeten the
breath with



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"BRAD" Sport Gloves

warm both hands and heart. THE TRAPPER, full lined with fur, for men at \$10.00, is only one of a number of styles that make ideal gifts for both men and women.

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GOLF: Four 18-hole championship courses. The fair greens are now much better than ever before. Most interesting events during the entire season.

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Future Historical Item

SEVERAL national workdays having been proposed, it became important to settle the dates when they would be celebrated.

Someone proposed that Lincoln's and Washington's birthday would afford a good basis, but these were promptly discarded, when it was proven that both Lincoln and Washington were workers, and it was thought that their pernicious example would throw discredit upon the popularity of the new movement. It was finally agreed, as a beginning, that the date of the entry of the Bolshevik forces into Petrograd would give a proper atmosphere to the new regime. Mr. Gompers' birthday was then settled upon as a good second.

It became imperative, however, to draw the line somewhere, for if too many working days were established, the proletariat would become so tired with their unusual exertions as, possibly, to bring on another revolution. It was, therefore, established that the number of working days during the year should be strictly limited to six, no matter how pressing might be the birthday claims of the great patriots of the past.



Editor: WHAT MAKES THESE DRAWINGS SO SOILED, YOUNG MAN?
Artist: ER—THE OTHER EDITORS, SIR.

SHE is perfectly at ease in her decollete gown, because her arms and underarm are smooth and free from hair.

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Mix a little, apply it, then wash it off—the hair is gone!

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Plain End or Cork Tip

People of culture and refinement invariably
PREFER Deities
to any other cigarette

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Amazure

Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World



OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



The Queen's Pawn

A Sunday-school teacher in London was talking to her class about Solomon and his wisdom. "When the Queen of Sheba came and laid jewels and fine raiment before Solomon, what did he say?" she asked presently.

One small girl, who evidently had had experience in such matters, promptly replied:

"'ow much d'yer want for the lot?"

—*Christian Herald*.

Headquarters

TENDERFOOT (in new western town):
Where is the postoffice?

RESIDENT: Over there.

"Where?"

"D'ye see that man sawing wood? He's the postmaster."

"Yes, but I don't see the postoffice."

"Of course you don't. It's in his hat."

—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph*.

The Recital

MRS. GABBIEGH (at the musicale):
Oh, Mrs. Noodle, I had so much to say to you, and now the pianist is through.

MRS. NOODLE: I'm just dying to hear it. Let's encore him.—*Boston Transcript*.

At the present rate of labor organization, it won't be long before the rest of us can organize into one small union.

—*Springfield Republican*.

Leonard Merrick

delightful, youth-renewing

Conrad in Quest of His Youth

is just the book for Holiday giving, \$1.75

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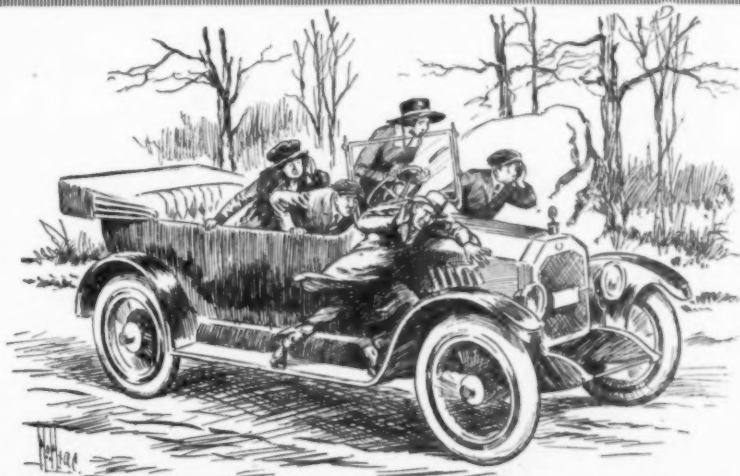
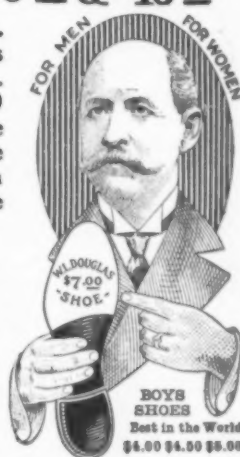
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CAUTION—Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes with his name and price stamped on the bottom.

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Send us a check or money order according to the finish you desire. The Reproducer will be sent you promptly, postpaid and insured. Keep it ten days, then, if you are willing to part with it, return it and we will refund your money in full. The IV-A-TONE Reproducer fits the Victor, Columbia, Sonora and Edison with Attachment. As easy to install as a new needle. IMPORTANT—Do not fail to advise us which phonograph you use when ordering.

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The Gentle Art of Leasing

FIRST, you and your partner, Jones, decide the corner store at Fifth and Market would be an ideal location for a butter and egg store.

Then you call to see Mr. O'Brien, of the Delaney Real Estate Company. He listens in a mild, impersonal way while you tell him what you have in mind.

O'Rourke and Company, a rival real estate company, have an exclusive agency for that store, but he does not tell you that.

He begins to talk, however; first on generalities, then he centers on a store at Wood and Seventh.

You know you do not want this store, but he takes you to see it, talking all the way.

You go back to the office. You tell Jones you think the store at Wood and Seventh would be a good place for the butter and egg store.

Jones says "Why?" in a sarcastic manner.

You tell him you think the rear room would be good to store eggs in. That is all you can remember of Mr. O'Brien's talk.

Jones says you would need a place to store them, for you could not sell them in that neighborhood of automobile accessory stores.

The next day, Mr. Delaney himself comes to your office with Mr. O'Brien. He talks to you and Mr. O'Brien talks to Jones. You all four go to see the store.

You tell them you will consider the matter.

You mean you will talk it over with your wife. Jones does not need to talk it over with his wife. He started right with her.

Your wife cannot see any reason for leasing the Wood and Seventh store. You tell her Jones wants it, and he is

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Paris
Master Perfumer

Ideal

Richest of all Perfumes

FOR SALE WHERE FINE PERFUMES
ARE SOLD

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Waterman's
Ideal
Fountain Pen

"And Everyone was Satisfied"

**Sure
Relief**

BELL-ANS
FOR
INDIGESTION
25 CENTS

6 BELL-ANS
Hot water
Sure Relief

BELL-ANS
FOR INDIGESTION

AMotrola



attached to any talking machine will accomplish what the Self-starter did for the automobile.

MODERNIZE YOUR TALKING MACHINE
by attaching the MOTROLA—a simple reliable electrical self-winder. Easy to operate—will not mar the most expensive instrument. JUST TOUCH THE BUTTON—that's all!—and when you change a record the motor will always be ready to play it through.

Any phonograph dealer will gladly demonstrate the MOTROLA, or ask us for dealer's name.

JONES-MOTROLA, Inc.
29 W. 35th St., New York
315 So. Broadway
Chicago Los Angeles

Dealers—We have a wonderful proposition to offer you—write us.

*The Centre of Social Life
Convenient to Theatres and Shops*

**THE BILTMORE
NEW YORK**

He has nothing better to offer than a pal that is content, a slave that is willing, a companion that is alert; in other words, a Palisade Police Dog.

BERMUDA
The Ideal Winter Resort
(Turness Line, Whitehall St., New York)
CESS HOTEL OPENS DEC. 19
W. & T. WROGER, Managers
HOTEL FRASCATI OPENS DEC. 8
FRANK J. GRAY, Manager

A Gillette for His Christmas

You're sure to be Right if You Give Him a Gillette

HELL value it every day of his life—and the minutes it saves him, too, especially in these hustling days.

Your choice of more than a dozen exquisite styles.

And has he enough Gillette Blades? The Gillette user is always glad to get them. *Double-edged*—50c and \$1 the packet. Your dealer has them—and the Razors, too.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, U. S. A.

Gillette Standard Combination Set—No. 00

Always a favorite set, and especially welcome to the man who likes to keep his shaving things all together; compact and handy. Razor, Shaving Brush, Shaving Soap and 24 Shaving Edges (12 double-edged Blades). Razor triple silver-plated. Genuine Leather Case . . . **\$7.50**



the senior partner. She is silenced, but not convinced.

The next morning Mr. O'Brien brings a typewritten lease. He shows you where to sign and he shows Jones where to sign.

You do not mean to sign, but you do. Then you move.

You advertise and work and worry for a year. You take a trial balance. You have cleared \$50.

O'Brien and Delaney make a commission on the lease.

O'Brien gives his to his wife and never learns what she does with it. Delaney buys his wife a diamond that she wanted, then she begins to want something else.

None of you are any richer at the end of the year. But you have all done considerable business along your own lines.

We Teach Practical Commercial Art

Practical because this course has been compiled by Meyer Both Co., the largest, most widely known organization of its kind—a long established institution of international reputation—practical because it embraces the rich fund of experience that has made them dominantly successful. The demand for good commercial art exceeds the supply. It's opportunity for you—in a highly paid, intensely interesting profession. We can accept but limited number of students. Send 4c in stamps for special book today.

Address Home Study Dept.

MEYER BOTH COLLEGE of COMMERCIAL ART
1937 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

and left peaceably at the back door.

He was born in New York. He fought from Boston in the Civil War. He struck oil in Ohio in the sixties, and turned back to Boston, and was a banker the rest of his life, and sprayed the fields of Harvard with golden showers every spring and hired and furnished forth a first-class string and brass band to play for Boston.

What a man! What a man! So kind, so rugged, so bold, so natural!

E. S. M.

FOWNES

NAME IN EVERY PAIR

Those who sell Fownes Gloves do not have to force or explain their wares.

Since 1777 buyers have found them the best of

GLOVES

FOR MEN, WOMEN & CHILDREN

Get This New Song
25c MAIL
N. S. WILSON & CO.
1000 N. W. 10th St.
HOUSTON, TEX.

twenty-three years!

Yes, beau—when this brush started to work you were still taking "her" out in the buggy with the old bay mare and wrapping the lines around the whip!

Helena, Arkansas,
April 18, 1919.

The Rubberset Co.
Newark, N. J.

Gentlemen:

Thinking that the enclosed (has been) shaving brush would be of interest to you, I return it to you to use as you wish. It has done its work well and has served me for 23 years—bought this brush in Louisville, Ky., July of 1896. You will see it is at last just about gone "in spots." Me for a Rubberset any and all the time.

Respectfully yours,
(Signed) J. L. ALTMAN.

This is No. 11 of a series of advertisements
NOT WRITTEN BY
OUR AD MAN

From a photograph
18 times
actual size



RUBBERSET

LATHER
HAIR
TOOTH

TRADE MARK

BRUSHES

PAINT
VARNISH
STUCCO

every bristle gripped EVERLASTINGLY in hard rubber!

A Doubtful Metropolis

MORE people are obliged to live in New York than anywhere else because by long contact their intelligence has been so reduced that if they went anywhere else, it would be too great a strain on their capacities. Yet it is undeniable that life in New York is becoming more difficult all the time.

If one is a gentleman, he is too lonesome. If he is in business, he is a pauper. If he has any human instincts left, the various drives that succeed one another so rapidly leave him sleepless. If he craves food, he is lost.

DUNHILL PIPES

Circular upon Request

MM Importing Co.

Sole Agents in the U.S.
6 E. 45 St., New York.





Milo
VIOLETS

DELICATELY SCENTED · GOLD TIPS

25¢ for 10 BOX DE LUXE OF 100 ~ \$2.50

If your dealer cannot supply you, write

Dept. M.V.
Seventeen
Ninety
Broadway
New York



Served like champagne,
wherever good drinks
are appreciated ~ ~



Martin & Martin Shoes

are the accepted first choice of fashionable men and women throughout America. Such men and women are always distinguished by *quality* of apparel—they have an unfailing instinct for the *best*—and they inevitably find the best wherever it is.

MARTIN & MARTIN shoes are no better because the best people wear them—the best people wear them because they are better shoes.

Note—Those who cannot visit the stores, buy satisfactorily by mail. Our fitting charts, simple, accurate and easily used, will be sent upon request.

Martin & Martin

Fine Shoes and Hosiery for Men and Women

New York: 583 Fifth Avenue & 1 East Thirty-fifth Street
Chicago: 326 Michigan Avenue, South

Many people have
learned that at
The Hollenden
"Cafeteria"
takes on a new
meaning —
The Hollenden
Cleveland



Rates
Single, \$2.00 to \$5.00
Double, \$4.00 to \$6.00
Twin Beds, \$5.00 to \$7.00

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke



Copyright 1919
by R. J. Reynolds
Tobacco Co.

P. A. has such a joy'us way of making men glad about jimmy pipes!

Awaiting your say-so, you'll find toppy red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half pound tin humidors—and—that classy, practical pound crystal glass humidor with sponge moistener top that keeps Prince Albert in such perfect condition!

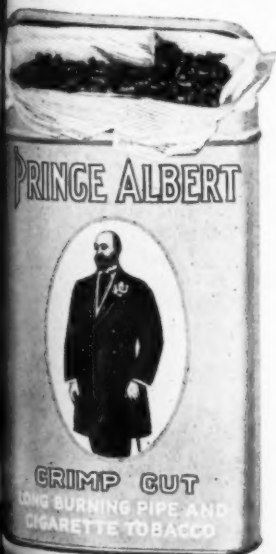
*To shoot it quick:—*Prince Albert turns over a new leaf in your smoke-career! Shovels smokesorrows right out the attic airshaft and throws wide open the smoke-section-shutters! Talk about letting in a flood of smokesunshine! Bet your pet luckystone that the best you ever heard tell about can't hold a candle with what *Prince Albert will hand you* seven days out of every week! And, then, some-on-the-side!

Smoking Prince Albert is just about twins with having the top time of your life on each fire-up! *It gives you a new idea of how delightful a jimmy pipe or a home-rolled cigarette can be!* Such flavor and fragrance

and coolness; such freedom from bite and parch! Prove out personally that Prince Albert's exclusive patented process *really does cut out bite and parch!*

Talk about ringing the bell every time you take *just one more little smoke!* You'll agree with your old fellow citizen, General Approval, that Prince Albert puts a man on the firing line with a pipe or cigarette, *and keeps him there;* that it sends all previous smoke setto records to the rear-ranks; that it just slams in one good time on top of another so fast, so happy-like, you realize that heretofore you've been hunting regular-man-sport with the wrong ammunition!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.



COLGATE'S



Hints for Applying

There is no need to rub Colgate's lather in with the fingers. Don't do it—it only adds "mussiness" to what might be a genuine pleasure. Shave this way—and learn comfort.

With the Stick: After wetting the face, pass the stick over the cheeks from ear to ear and back again; then under the chin; once across the upper lip. This gives soap enough for any but the heaviest beard. Work up the softening lather on the face with the wet brush—using hot or cold water.

With the Powder: First wet the face with the brush. Separate the bristles slightly with the thumb and sprinkle about one-third of a thimbleful of powder on the brush—you soon learn the exact amount you need. The lather is quickly worked up with hot or cold water—on the face.

With the Cream: If you prefer to apply the cream to the face, always wet the face first. If you squeeze the cream on the wet brush, wet the face first. The plentiful, fragrant lather is then worked up on the face with the brush—using hot or cold water, according to preference.

Lather with Colgate's—then shave with comfort

COLGATE & CO.

Established 1806 New York

